

HOLOGY TO FIND OUT THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL ON THE HUMAN BODY

To Show
Man How
Alcohol
Poisons
him.

5. FOURTH STAGE-
TRYING TO FIND
HIS CAGE



6. FINAL EFFECT
A DRUNKEN
SLEEP.



A HEALTHY
NERVE CELL

DISEASED
NERVE CELL
FROM THE BRAIN
OF A
DRUNKARD

PNEUMOGRAPH
FOR REGISTERING
RESPIRATION

PNEUMOGRAPHIC RECORD OF RESPIRATION

the delightful liquor went to warm Jocko's heart. Another lurch, and yet another, was given him, and even a fourth, all of which glided down his throat and pleased him mightily. Once he gazed in his guttural, and the tears came to his eyes.

After that for a few moments he refused further offers of good fellowship and was temporarily content with the ecstasy that was stealing through his frame. His long arms began to droop in a somewhat listless way, and an almost human smile rippled across his face. A fly buzzed past him, circled around and lighted within reach. Jocko swept his right arm in the direction of the insect, but forgot to close his hand, as he would have done in a sober moment, and the fly escaped. Jocko, apparently unconscious of the flight of his victim, made several more clutches at the vacant spot. The discovery that he was clutching the air only brought another expression of mirth to his eyes.

"He hasn't even got started," said the keeper, stroking his charge lovingly. "Well, well, well, Jocko, my boy! Do you want another jolt? Here, have one with me. Come on, Jocko. Just one more."

And the monkey, like mankind, fell into the arms of custom and reached for the bottle that was held out to him. He took it to his lips gingerly, for he was still full of suspicion of the visitor. The neck was

circled by his teeth, and his head moved upward and backward as the bottle began to incline. Jocko had evidently decided to take a slow, deep drink, but the keeper suddenly tipped it up, and about a two-fingerload went into his throat before he could recover himself. He spluttered and fumed in anger, and wiped his mouth with a display of temper.

In a short time, however, he cooled down and resumed his seat again, twisting his head from side to side in a silent, searching manner. Something was passing through his mind, but had not yet taken definite shape. Just what he was contemplating none but the keeper seemed to know.

"He's hit pretty hard now," said the man, "and in a few minutes he'll be paralyzed. Guess I had better put the loose things away, or he'll smash everything in the room. Look at that face."

Jocko had entered another stage of the debauch. The small eyes were beginning to soften and a pathetic expression hung about the monkey's lips. His arms and legs appeared to be all mixed up, and the black hands and feet were apparently without the power to answer to the impulse of Jocko's mind. Twice he grasped his tail, lifting it from the table, but it slipped back through its mere weight and Jocko's inability to clutch it tightly. His jaw, firm and set when he is sober, began to

drop on his chest and showed evidence of being beyond control.

Again he looked around him, and the thought that had begun to show life a few moments before shaped itself into action. With an effort he rose from his haunches and stood swaying and uncertain. The glint of a glass funnel caught his eye. With a stumbling motion he reeled toward it and got the instrument in his hands. But it was not to be his for long, as the keeper grabbed it and coiled him lightly.

A piercing shriek, that died away in a long, guttural note, escaped the monkey, and with a bound he alighted on all fours among some bottles on the next table and began to juggle the glassware with the dexterity of an artist. Close on his heels came the keeper, and Jocko, knowing he was doing wrong, tumbled to the floor, and, in a drunken flight, retreated to a corner. His line of march was crooked, as though he were encountering fly paper all the way. Many times he tumbled all over the room and hit every table leg in sight. He tried to walk on his hands, fought with his tail and pulled his hair, in his effort to get at the trouble in his head.

Finally he reached the corner, where he crawled in behind a wicker basket and literally hid his head in shame. There was no mistake about his exhibition of remorse. It did not last long, however, as the next move he made was to stagger over to the rabbit bin and climb recklessly over the boards. When he reached the top he slipped and tumbled in among the bunnies, causing great confusion.

This was the point in Jocko's debauch at which he entered that stage illustrated by the drunken man who forgets his personal dignity, his prejudices, his enmities, in an indiscriminate and maudlin hilarity. A judge in such a condition wants to drink with tramps and thieves.

When he is sober, Jocko has a pronounced hatred for rabbits, but when he is drunk he descends to their native mod, and locks arms in a continuous round of revelry. He grabbed the nearest bunny and pulled its ears and petted and fondled it in the most affectionate manner. He then went so far as to smooth its rumpled hair and chatter in a friendly strain. When the rabbit had become quiet under the tender treatment of Jocko, the rascal slapped his new-found friend and tumbled out of the bin into the room again. It was a shameless betrayal of tender confidence, but the youth from Panama regarded it as a great bit of humor.

He showed his cleverness even in his debauched condition when he tried to lean up against an immense harness sponge that stood on the floor. As often as he threw his weight against it, just so often did it move away from him. He tried it from several sides, and then pushed it up in a corner, where he perched himself and tried to look comfortable. His conversation during the episode was mostly to himself, and at times became incoherent and inarticulate in the extreme. He muttered, spotted his objections to everything around him, and stopped in the midst of his remarks every time.

"It's about time for him to hit it up again," remarked the hardened keeper when Jocko showed signs of returning strength by pushing several cabbages off the shelves, where they had been placed awaiting their use as food for the rabbits. "He gets gay like that just before he wants another jolt. Here, Jocko! Can you stand another on me?"

Jocko smiled, so to speak, and took in a couple of tablespoonfuls. Then was a good opportunity for any man who wants to know how he makes a monkey of himself when in liquor. Jocko was simply drunk beyond words. He couldn't see the walls of the room. His enemies became his friends. He fondled and purred over the hand of his hated visitor and permitted himself to be handled and rolled around. The unfortunate creature lost all powers of locomotion and looked up at his cage with a "can't-make-it" expression on his blarney face.

He half sat, half sprawled on the floor and was absolutely helpless. Finally his keeper picked him up tenderly and placed him in the corner of his cage, where Jocko sank into a drunken sleep, to awaken to misery. Before he passed into absolute slumber his body shook with slight tremors, and he gazed wildly about him, as though there was something yet to come.

"He'll begin to see things pretty soon," volunteered the keeper. "I guess the D. T.'s are about due in a few days. Some morning he'll get up and see snakes. He's going to get 'em sure. I came in here the other morning, and he was making a tall-tail talk to something in one corner of his cage, but I couldn't see anything. Guess he's about ripe to turn over to Dr. Van Gleason."

From all that has been detailed here it will be plain that the final stage has almost been reached in an extraordinary experiment, which, by sacrificing the life of an animal under revolting circumstances, will yet throw precious light on a question of vital importance to the physical welfare of the human race.

STARTLING STATISTICS PRESENTED BY THE ENEMIES OF ALCOHOL.

THE census of 1890 shows that 45,000 deaths were directly due to drunkenness. The death of every American was hastened on an average seven and three-tenths years by drunkenness. The earnings of 45,000 men at \$354 a year for seven and three-tenths years amounts to \$110,239,000, which is lost to the country through the death of the drinkers.

There were 3,750,000 hard drinkers at that time, and recent investigations show that the number has nearly doubled.

The use of alcohol is spreading with alarming rapidity among women.

A total of \$91,841,480 is spent annually by the State and local governments of New York for police courts, jails and poor-houses for caring for criminals and paupers. Investigations show that 75 per cent of these cases are due to drink and alcohol poisoning.

In France, where great quantities of alcohol are consumed by all classes, the number of deaths in 1895 exceeded the births by 60,000. French scientists hold alcohol poisoning in a great measure responsible.

M. Bergeron and M. Laborde, of the French Academy of Medicine, in a set of resolutions presented to the society in 1895, wrote:

"Science has demonstrated both by experiment and by chemical observation that the most impure and poisonous alcohol can be converted into the purest and least poisonous alcohol, which is none the less always and fundamentally a poison."

Ex-Superintendent Thomas Byrnes, of the New York Police Department, says: "Drunkenness is the prolific mother of most of the evil-doing. Alcoholism is the prime cause of all the trouble."

Out of 351 inmates of the Connecticut State Prison in the year 1895, 46.8 per cent were willing to admit that alcohol had ruined them.

G. H. Coffin